

YANKS LOOK UPON TIGERS' SERIES AS SORT OF REST PERIOD

WITT SQUARES ACCOUNTS WITH ST. LOUIS FANS BY WINNING DECIDING GAME

New York Outfielder and Pop-Bottle Victim Makes Hit That Practically Gives Hugmen Another Pennant.

By Bozeman Bulger.

DETROIT, Sept. 19.

THE Yanks fight the Tigers to-day, but after what they have been through for three days any ordinary scrap will be like shooting cap pistols at a picnic. They look on this as a rest area.

Though dated Detroit, this, in fact, is being written on a fast-flying express train out of St. Louis, which was held for nearly an hour to enable our hungry, smiling and perspiring athletes to escape the havoc they had wrought in the home of the Browns. Their brows are still beaded with a pucker sweat. Across the aisle from me sits a little tow-headed fellow, his forehead still swathed in a bandage.

"Say, Whitey," the bellowing voice of Babe Ruth calls to him, "I reckon that wasn't the old cat's collar button, eh? Your bean hurt now?" "Naw, never did hurt much," said Whitey, blushing. "I'll say that one felt good, though. Oh, boy!"

"And if you had not caught that one on the button I'd have died," added Joe Bush, looking up from a pinocchio hand. "What was it, a curve?" An elderly woman passenger made her way timidly through the car. She spotted the white bandage.

Witt Is Still Wearing Bandage.

"Oh, this is Mr. Witt, you poor boy. It was just retribution," "I'll say it was, haw, haw," razzed the other players as Whitey, pushing to his feet, escaped to the dining car.

There again the bandage was observed. All the passengers carried sporting extras and wanted to say a kind word to Witt. He was the hero, the wounded soldier, the individual victor of a campaign the like of which baseball will not see again soon.

Whitey rebelled at the sympathy. He wanted to hear them talk about that ninth-inning hit, though, the one long poke that broke the heart of all St. Louis. Whitey liked what the strange woman said about retribution, but he didn't want the players to know that he felt that way.

It really was retribution, and it was more of drama than the most observant of athletes realized. We got the back wash of it in the stand. Witt's single in that ninth inning when all seemed lost was exactly as if some one had heaved a pail of ice water on a red hot stove. I do not exaggerate. I could not.

After thirty-two years of waiting St. Louis fans had the golden apple in their grasp. They roared at the feel of it. If the hated Yanks could be disposed of their dreams would come true. Taunts were hurled at the New York writers, some of which were not fit for print. When Whitey Witt came to bat with the bases full and two runs needed to win they forgot to applaud him, forgot their regret that two days before he had been lying on his face in the outfield knocked unconscious by a pop bottle. On Sunday the whole town had set out to pet him.

No Sympathy for Witt in Final.

"Knock the bandage off his head," some forgetful fellow back of us yelled.

"Bang!" Whitey caught the ball squarely on the nose. It was a clean line single to center. Two runs skinned over the pan. St. Louis was licked. After all, they had been dreaming dreams—just dreams. They had soaked Whitey on the head with a pop bottle, but he, with a baseball bat, had broken the heart of all St. Louis and the Southwest.

It was downright tragic. The faces of those about us blanched. The loudest-mouthed went mute. A woman sitting near me turned deathly pale and stared for several seconds. "It is terrible!" she finally sobbed. Dozens of them broke down and cried. From then until the finish, not another sound was heard throughout the great throng. Whitey had stabbed them to the vitals. Even when the Browns came back for their last half there was no encouragement. Even the players had been broken in spirit.

In twenty-five years of baseball the veterans of the scribes and coaches had never seen anything like this. For a moment we almost felt a pity that such hopes had been shattered. It was too tragic to be funny.

Jacobson, who hit the last ball, a grounder to McNally, quit abruptly, declining to run out the hit. He dropped it.

The Yanks may go ahead now and trim up the Tigers and the Indians to taste, but they will never win a ball game that meant so much as the heart-breaker of St. Louis.

"Yes," said Witt, sheepishly, at the dining table, "it retribution is the word that's what it is. I handed it back to 'em."

Fans Thought Browns Sure Thing.

The beginning of the downfall of the Browns was an overindulgence in strategy by Lee Fohl. He overplayed his hand. Too much science is bad for anyone, and Fohl now suffers the effects of strategic indigestion. Young Dixie Davis had been pitching masterful ball, so masterful that he was a full length ahead of Bullet Joe Bush, the wizard of both leagues. It was the ninth inning and the Browns were a run in the lead. There was nothing to indicate hope of a winning rally. The guns of our murderers' row had been successfully apked.

Already the great crowd had begun to celebrate. Boys, anxious to be first in the line of triumphal march, were squeezing past the ropes on to the playing field. The mounted police were vainly trying to hold them back. The grass was covered with thrown straw hats. Then—"Whang!" Willie Schang caught one on the button and whipped it back at Davis so hot that the couldn't hold it. It went for a single. A passed ball sent Schang to second. The Browns gathered in the middle of the diamond as a committee of the whole.

To the amazement of the spectators Fohl ordered Davis out and sent in Priddy, who has a reputation for striking out batters in a pinch. Before then, though, Miller Huggins had sent Elmer Smith in to bat for Ward in the hope of getting a home run. With the change of pitchers Huggins pitched Smith and sent in McNally, a right-hander. On the first ball pitched McNally hit a home run. Then instead of striking out Scott as the strategy had called for, Priddy hit from yesterday, pitched four balls wide of the plate and the bases were cleared. Joe Bush forced out one, leaving the bases still full.

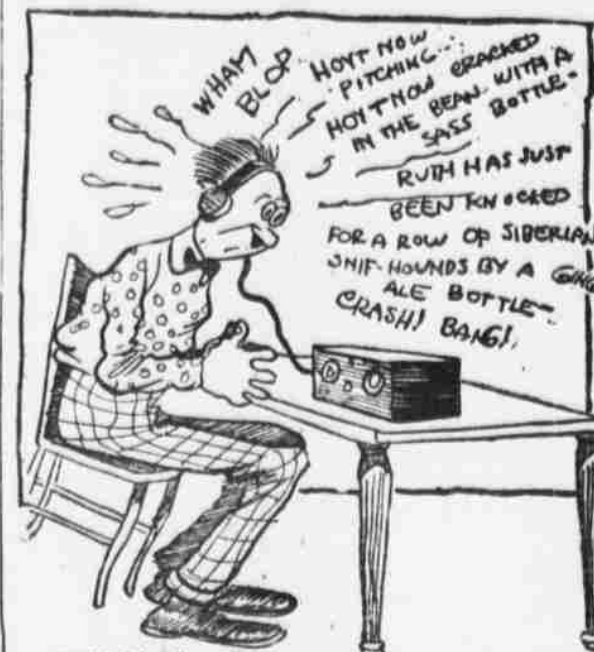
Fohl withdrew Priddy and sent Schocker to the rescue. More strategy. On the second ball pitched Whitey Witt sent home his stab of retribution. Bullet Joe Bush with this chance jumped on the enemy with all his might. Even Sider failed to hit the ball out of the diamond, and his long hitting record for forty-one games went down in the crash that killed St. Louis.

We hurried for taxis, being allowed to pass through the great grapping crowd without so much as a murmur. The town was still stunned as our waiting train pulled out for Detroit. Probably they picked at the covers last night.

Follow New Yorkers, let me tell you, that was a ball game.

THE SPORT SHEET

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THE YANK FAN GETS NEWS FROM THE WEST.



RECORDS OF PROBABLE WORLD SERIES PLAYERS

NO. 1—THE FIRST BASEMEN

1922 RECORDS.

	Sisler.	Pipp.	Kelly.	Grimm.
Safe hits	232	175	151	155
Runs	124	89	128	54
Batting average	.422	.380	.384	.292
Fielding chances	1336	1665	1544	1846
Errors	18	18	11	10
Fielding average	.989	.998	.998	.992
Double plays	108	94	108	91
Stolen bases	47	5	11	4

(Above averages include games played Sept. 15.)

1921 RECORDS.

	Sisler.	Pipp.	Kelly.	Grimm.
Safe hits	216	174	151	154
Batting average	.371	.296	.308	.274
Fielding chances	1285	1519	1685	1598
Fielding average	.998	.990	.990	.994

LIFETIME BATTING AVERAGE.

	Sisler.	Pipp.	Kelly.	Grimm.
Years in majors	8	8	4	4
Average	.354	.278	.299	.278

WORLD'S SERIES RECORDS.

	Pipp.	Kelly.
Batting	.184	.238
Fielding	1000	1000

By Ed Van Every.

World's Series first base play, no matter which clubs clash in the 1922 fall classic, should find the honors on the American League side of the argument. And if George Sisler of the Browns breaks into this particular series—there isn't any argument. George is not alone the peer of present day guardians of the gateway station, but is also considerable of a ball team all by his lonesome. Next to Sider, however, the other American League entry, Wally Pipp, is now monopolizing the limelight among the first-sackers.

Individually it might be argued that George Kelly is the stronger hitter and Charley Grimm the more brilliant fielder.

Records may be taken to prove that Kelly is batting a few points better than Pipp this season, has smacked the ball at a twenty-point higher mark over their major league years, and in their only World's Series appearance last fall the willow wielding honors were decidedly with George, but both falling below expectations.

On the question of fielding many baseball sharps will tell you that from an unbiased point of view Charley Grimm does his stuff better around first than any one in his line since the days of Hal Chase. Some claim he really "outhases" Hal.

To the Grimm admirers we would answer that Kelly, Sider and Pipp have all taken part in more double plays than Grimm, that the Pittsburgh boy really has but a slight advantage in fielding chances in the old average on last season's showing and is not quite holding his own on the cold figures this season. Kelly is really a far more efficient first baseman in every way than generally credited, but Pipp just now is playing the greatest game of his career and is not likely to stop his dizzy pace if he gets in the big baseball show.

To the Kelly supporters, while we are not ignoring the fact that next to Hornsby, Kelly drove in the most runs last season and seems to be holding his own and may be a little bit more in the battle of bats with Pipp, it is significant that "Woolworth" is batting sixth in the batting order while Wally is in fourth place.

In other words, Kelly, despite his good looking batting average, has been dropped from the clean-up position by no less a keen and interested observer than his manager, John McGraw. On the other hand Wally Pipp has been hitting of late with such persistent frequency in the pinches that he has been advanced over no less a batsman than Bob Meusel, as the other half of the Yankee pitcher-wrecking combination (Ruth being, of course, the other 50 per cent).

It seems on the whole pretty safe to argue that Pipp, next to Sisler, means the most in the coming World's Series on the important point of attack.

PLANS COMPLETED FOR BIG POLO TEST

Arrangements have been completed for the international polo matches between the Meadow Brook "Big Four" and the champion Argentine Polo Federation team to be played on International Field at Westbury, Long Island, on Oct. 4 and 7. Drawings for the Waterbury Cup games bring Argentine and the Meadow Brook Pro-Boomers together on the opening day, Sept. 27, while the Shubert and Eastcott fours will clash on the following day, Sept. 28. The final match is scheduled for Saturday, Sept. 30, and will be between the winners of the first two encounters. The two American teams have been re-arranged with the idea of making them more evenly balanced so that the four teams, all of them of about thirty-goal handicap rating, should provide one of the greatest match play tournaments of the season.

CHANCE FOR JOHNSTON TO SQUARE ACCOUNTS WITH TILDEN SATURDAY

The two Bills—"Big Bill," National champion, and "Little Bill," his greatest rival, clash for the twelfth time Saturday in the East-West matches at the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Johnston is captain and No. 1 man on the Western team, and Tilden plays No. 1 for the East. The matches will be played on the courts used for the Davis Cup series. The Tilden-Johnston feud stands six to six in the former's favor, so the Californian has a chance to square accounts.

THE PENNANT DASH.

GAMES LEAD.

Giants..... 6 Yankees..... 1 1/2

GAMES TO PLAY.

Giants..... 13 Yankees..... 10

Pirates..... 11 Browns..... 9

IF

Giants win seven of their remaining games it would be impossible for the Pirates to capture the pennant even if they won every one of the games they have still to play. The coming series between New York and Pittsburgh which starts to-morrow should practically settle the race.

Yanks by taking the series from the Browns have a distinct advantage as they have one more game to play than the St. Louis combination, and if that should result in a victory the Browns will be compelled to pick up two full games which, with only nine more to play, is no easy matter. If the Hugmen play only .500 ball from now on the Browns will be compelled to take seven more games and play at a .777 pace.

Fistic News and Gossip

By John Pollock

Two clubs are scheduled to hold bouts to-night. At Ebbets Field Dave Rosenberg and Mike O'Dowd will clash in the feature bout of fifteen rounds. The Pioneer Club, on East 24th Street, will reopen under the management of Jim Buckley, and Nate Siegel, the New England welterweight champion, and Italian Joe Gans will clash in the main event.

St. Marks, the Canadian lightweight champion, who fights Joe Truitt, the Philadelphia bantamweight, next Thursday at the Sport Avenue A. A. Jack Truitt's victory over him will add the Quaker City boy to his list of knockout victims. He intends to land in London, where he will fight George Kelly, the English welterweight, and knock him out as early as possible.

At Norton of Yonkers and Paul Doyle of the east side, both of whom are hot after a star show at the Madison Square Garden, will meet Jimmy Smith, the Irish welterweight, in a hard training getting themselves in shape for their best-round decision at the scheduled bout in Long Island City on Saturday night.

The welterweight championship of the National Guard will be decided to-morrow at the 1922 Madison Square Garden. Jimmy Smith, the Irish welterweight, will meet Jimmy Smith, the Irish welterweight, in a hard training getting themselves in shape for their best-round decision at the scheduled bout in Long Island City on Saturday night.

Two star events will be offered at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club on Saturday night. The first is a welterweight bout between Billy Williams of the Wanderers and Jimmy Smith, the Irish welterweight, in a hard training getting themselves in shape for their best-round decision at the scheduled bout in Long Island City on Saturday night.

Matchmaker John Morrow of the Ninth Regiment Armory has completed his card for the first of the most promising boys in the east side and west of both beaches, will meet Jimmy Smith, the Irish welterweight, in a hard training getting themselves in shape for their best-round decision at the scheduled bout in Long Island City on Saturday night.

Ray Priel, the sensational Homestead (Pa.) lightweight, finally has obtained a match in this city just now, will meet Harry Catena, the rugged and aggressive Greco-Roman wrestler, in the semi-final to the Ray Priel-Wally Puffer bout at the Commonwealth Sporting Club Saturday night.

Earl Baird, who at present is boxing in the best form of his career, has just been matched to box Bobby Brown, the Irish welterweight, at the Olympia A. A. of Philadelphia on Sept. 25.

Earl Francis, the California lightweight sensation, has been matched to box Bobby Brown, the Irish welterweight, at the Olympia A. A. of Philadelphia on Sept. 25. Francis is a great credit to Philadelphia and has been a great credit to the making for the near future.

Tommy Dady, the Smith Brooklyn lightweight, has recovered from the injury to his right arm and is back in the ring. He has only been boxing five years and has yet to be beaten. He has won ten even battles, twenty-one of them by a knockout. He is now under the management of Max Baer.

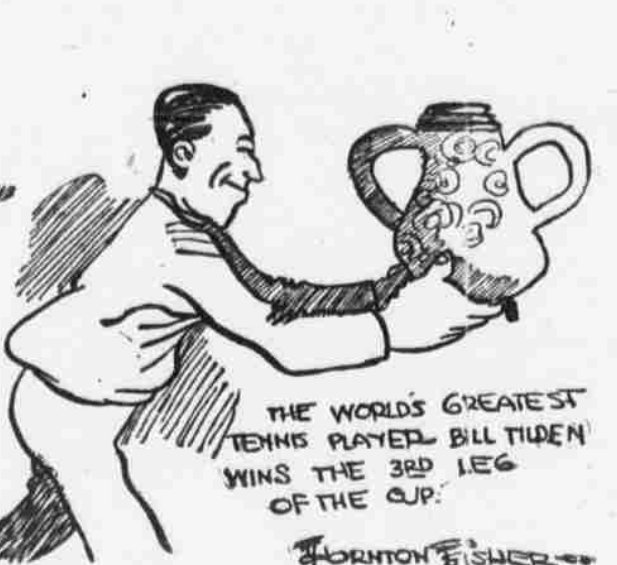
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By Thornton Fisher



JACK DEMPSEY LEFT YESTERDAY FOR A HUNT THROUGH THE HARE WOODS PARIS PAPERS COPY.



THE WORLD'S GREATEST TENNIS PLAYER, BILL TILDEN, WINS THE 3RD LEG OF THE CUP.

Big Series Opens Here, We Hope, Two Weeks From To-Morrow

Two weeks from to-morrow the first game of the World's Series will get under way with the Polo Grounds presumably the scene of the opening game of the 1922 diamond classic. This important matter was decided by the loss of a coin yesterday, at a meeting of major league officials held in Chicago, with the toss going to the National League, which consequently will start the series as the home team.

If the series is between the Yankees and the Giants it will, of course, be a private Polo Grounds affair, with a change of home to travelling uniforms to indicate which club is "at home." Anyway, the first two games will be in New York without much doubt, and if a trip to St. Louis is necessary Friday, Oct. 6, will be taken up in travelling, with games abroad Oct. 7, 8 and 9 with resumption of the series in New York if necessary on Tuesday, Oct. 10. In case of a tie, a coin will be again tossed to decide the home team.

Prices for this series will be \$1 to \$5.

Brooklyn Fans Regret Passing of 'Sherry' Smith

Big Left-Hander Is Sent to Cleveland at Waiver Price.

By Joseph Gordon.

NOT since the passing of George Burns from the line-up of the Giants has the trade or sale of a player been so keenly felt by the fans of Greater New York as the disposal by the Brooklyn Nationals of Sherry Smith, affectionately known as "Sherry."

Smith was claimed by the Cleveland Indians at the regular waiver price and is to report to that club at once. The Indians were the only team in the major leagues that desired the services of the big left-hander.

The announcement of Sherry's departure from the Robins came as a complete surprise to followers of baseball. Left-handers are scarce articles these days, and the Robins are, by better supplied than any of the other teams. "Dutch" Ruether is the only left-hander left on their staff. With the exception of Clarence Mitchell, whom Robbie is trying to develop into a first baseman.

Smith was one of the most popular players on the team, and at times he got some very excellent pitching out of his system. He joined the Robins in 1915 and proceeded to make good at once. In his first year with the Robins he won twelve games and lost eight for a percentage of .606.

His critics on the coaching lines, where Manager Robinson often sent him because of his thorough knowledge of baseball, never failed to get a laugh out of the crowd. He was liked by every one.

President Ebbets made it a point to call in newspaper men after the announcement of the waiver had been made, and eulogized Sherry by saying that not in all his baseball experience has he ever met a player pleasanter to deal with than Smith.

The owner of the Brooklyn Nationals, with new surroundings and new faces and a new outlook, Smith may take on a new lease of life. All the players expressed their regret at Sherry's departure.

Smith had nothing to say when questioned about the release. He took the whole thing as a matter of course. The Robins dropped their final game with the Cubs at Ebbets Field yesterday after getting off to a fine start. Dassy Vance pitched a re-

FLOYD JOHNSON SHOWS SOMETHING IN BROOKLYN BOUT

Coast Heavyweight Gives Promising Performance in Knocking Out Williams.

FLOYD JOHNSON may be quite a ways from taking a crack at Jack Dempsey and his heavyweight title, but it will probably take considerable of a fighter to knock Mr. Johnson off before his ambitions are realized. From what Floyd displayed in his nine round K. O. of Larry Williams at the Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn, last evening, this product of the four-round boxing game of the Coast "has something."

He has the size and the health for one thing, is in fact a powerfully set up young fellow of twenty-two and looks like he might get along in the fighting game, for he handles his 195 pounds of fighting beef with considerable ability and agility. Not only does he step around pretty well but he "shoots" a neat straight left, takes a punch without losing his head—in fact he shows about everything one could expect of a big boy who is only fighting about two years. With some perfection in defense, the rough edge smoothed off and proper nursing, Floyd Johnson is likely to amount to something.

Johnson comes east with a reputation that may not mean much in this vicinity aside from knocking a load off the feet of the fat Willie Meehan for a decision, but last night's affair was his fourth knockout while in our midst and number four was at the expense of a rough trial horse, Larry Williams. Williams has fought most of the big fellows like Brennan and Mike, and previously to last night had been stopped only by Tom Gibbons and Kid Norfolk.

Possible Johnson did not finish Williams in a particularly workmanlike manner and to some it might have seemed that the Coast boy's punch is not as deadly as it might be. However, Williams' experience makes him a hard man to hit right. Larry knows how to pull with the punches and has an iron jaw. On top of this it was claimed that Johnson hurt his right hand in the first round. The writer made it a point to examine Johnson's hand after the fight and said that it was found to be in bad shape worse than usual.

However, his left was all Johnson needed with him last night and he sure fed it to Larry Williams a plenty. In the fifth round Williams put over a right hand full on the "button" but Johnson went right on the attack and when he went down for the ninth round from a left clip to the jaw and a few seconds later was dropped again in a sitting position with another left and stayed sitting. This round lasted two minutes and fifteen seconds.

Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager, was an interested observer of the fight and said that he was sure a man who had hopes of business picking up a little.

Several times from the fourth round on it looked like Williams was through for the night but Larry managed to keep his feet until the sixth round when he was knocked down for the first time from a left clip to the jaw and a few seconds later was dropped again in a sitting position with another left and stayed sitting. This round lasted two minutes and fifteen seconds.

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HERE'S HOW THEY STAND

NATIONAL LEAGUE.				AMERICAN LEAGUE.			
N.Y.	86	55	610	Chi.	75	65	532
Pitt.	81	62	565	B.K.	69	73	495
St. L.	78	63	553	Phila.	51	38	367
Cin.	77	66	539	Boston	47	31	341

GAMES YESTERDAY.				GAMES YESTERDAY.			
New York, 7; Cincinnati, 2.				New York, 3; St. Louis, 2.			
Chicago, 4; Brooklyn, 3.				Chicago, 7; Boston, 0.			
Pittsburgh, 11; Philadelphia, 3 (1st).				Detroit, 11; Washington, 5.			
Philadelphia, 6; Pittsburgh, 2 (2d).				Philadelphia, 4; Cleveland, 3.			
St. Louis, 6; Boston, 4.							

GAMES TO-DAY.				GAMES TO-DAY.			
Pittsburgh at Philadelphia.				New York at Detroit.			
St. Louis at Boston.				Washington at St. Louis.			
				Boston at Cleveland.			
				Philadelphia at Chicago.			